

# The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1912.

## THE MEMORY OF BROTHERHOOD.

Throughout the land to-day men will wear white flowers in memory of their mothers. This is a beautiful tribute and shows how the modern world makes for itself new feast days on which to celebrate what it holds most dear. And as in all ceremonies founded upon elemental things, many good thoughts will flow from its observance, in addition to the sentiment of affection and filial loyalty inspired. For men, in remembering the universal beauty of motherhood, will be drawn closer to each other by the unveiled knowledge of a universal brotherhood. Anglo-Saxons are not given to surface feelings, and they are stern individualists, so whatever arouses in them a common emotion and brings home to their hearts a sentiment of reverence for a natural bond as a fine fruit of a consciousness of interdependence and a common cause. However cold and remote a man may be, and however forgetful of his simple humanity, the thought that all men share with him the noble sense of filial love must make him kinder and more charitable. These holidays that bring the race together before a single altar mean much in spreading sweetness and light to lessen the strife of classes and of nations. He who is bent on out-reaching and crushing another may well pause at the thought of what pangs his act brings to the heart of a mother who loves as does his own.

This world should be better for Mothers' Day. Its recollections bring home lost ideals and dead hopes and instill fresh courage. And not least of its gifts should be the thought that in the highest duty to be paid for the love of a mother is somewhere hidden a just and generous love for the brotherhood of her sons.

## A DEFECT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY.

The presidential primary is far from being on all fours with practical politics. Perhaps it would be better to say party politics, for the adjective "practical" has come to have a sinister meaning, since Roosevelt coupled himself and Harriman descriptively as "practical men." The manoeuvrings and the strategies, the tactics and the moves of the party system are not taken into account in the new primary, and in that very fact the newer plan may fail.

The aloofness of the Democrats in Democratic primaries already held is one of the most remarkable, although one of the most easily explained, developments of the presidential primaries so far held. Wherever Taft and Roosevelt are fighting over the long and of the wishbone, the Democrats seem to be content to watch the game from the side lines. Comparatively few Democrats have gone to the polls to express their preferences as to their own party candidates.

Apathy is not the answer. It is known of all Democrats that they have not had so splendid an opportunity to elect a President in two decades. What, then, is the matter? Why do the primaries fail to draw them out? There is a cause for their attitude, and it is that the mass of Democrats feel that they cannot be sure who would make the most available Democratic candidate until they know who the Republican candidate is going to be. It is likely that the Democrat who would most probably beat Taft would not be so likely to defeat Roosevelt. Should the Republicans finally select a compromise candidate, the simple fact that his identity is unknown must keep Democrats uncertain as to the course which they must pursue in choosing a standard-bearer. This attitude does not exist in the Republican party as to primaries, for the Republicans nominate first by custom, because they are the party in power.

American presidential contests are personal as well as party struggles. The personality of candidates has much to do with the result. A problem which does not confront English or European politicians is that which ours are called upon to solve. Presidential candidates run in forty-eight different constituencies, while Mr. Asquith, Mr. Borden or the French Premier has to carry but one district. The matter of personal popularity and availability in all sections has to be considered in choosing a presidential candidate with reference to the conditions which make presidential elections more or less battles between particular individuals.

In this country, as has been said, under the party system, one party leads the way in beginning a presidential campaign; the other party awaits the action of the dominant party. The party struggle is personified to a very great degree. By reason of that very

fact the system may never work practically in the United States.

## THE FLOOD SWEPT VALLEY.

Wind and heavy rains are adding to the devastation being wrought in the lower Mississippi Valley by the torrent of the flood. Hundreds of thousands of people are temporarily homeless and without adequate food supplies. Every agency of the State and national governments is directed towards keeping the levees standing and relieving the famine and wreck left by the receding waters. Yet because this disaster is remote and accompanied as yet by little loss of life, the rest of the country is not aroused to the extent of ruin. There is nothing dramatic to the ordinary mind about the slow and relentless procession of a great river, reaching with its million restless fingers for every weak place in the earth defenses. Yet, in fact, this fight has all the elements of a great battle. And it is showing the heroism of the monotonous daily struggle against nature instead of the moment's spectacular gallantry. It is a siege instead of an assault. And the help that must be furnished the stricken regions must be of the kind not only to relieve immediate necessities, but also to enable the inhabitants to plant new crops and regain a means of livelihood.

The ultimate suffering will reach out for months. It will be the old story of poverty, fresh struggle, and the dangers of epidemic disease. There will be nobody to blame, but the results will be even more terrible in prolonged misery than those of the Titanic. Parts of whole States will be disorganized in their industrial life. The tragedy will not be that of death, but the bitter fact of living. Surely the nation will awaken and give of its bounty to those who live in this yearly peril for the sake of sending food and clothing throughout the land.

As in all disasters, there is a great lesson to be learned. In this one it is the necessity for some far-reaching and comprehensive plan by the Federal government putting in bounds the whole Mississippi River. No single State can do this. The suffering sections are not able to protect themselves from the tide of water rushing down upon them from every tributary of the main stream. Prevention must begin at the very source of the danger. Engineering genius must discover some means of making this water a blessing instead of a menace. Levees are useful only to a certain point. But by providing overflow reservoirs, straightening the channel and guiding it, draining and filling, the United States should be able to make science curb this giant natural force.

And meanwhile the charity of a rich people must come to the aid of a part of its brotherhood that is suffering from a visitation that is in nowise a punishment for carelessness, but a great and inescapable fact.

## THE CITY COMMITTEE'S FAULT.

Much testimony was heard by the grand jury investigating the reported irregularities and frauds in the recent primary, but there seems to have been but one valuable result of the prolonged deliberation. The ballot is not properly protected under the existing election law, and there is room to doubt whether it will be adequately safeguarded under the new Byrd primary law. The law is evidently defective in requiring unused ballots to be destroyed at the close of the polls. The grand jury was of the opinion that every ballot should be accounted for in this manner: when the ballots are delivered to the judges they should be counted in the presence of the authorities delivering them, and at the close of the polls all used and unused and mutilated ballots should be returned to the authorities and the ballots checked up. In the investigation which was concluded yesterday the destruction of this unused ballots would have greatly hampered the inquiry had the investigators been unable to trace the ballots absent from the proper custody.

The evidence, according to the grand jury, shows that the ballots found outside of the polls "were taken from the office of the printer to be used as guides, with apparently no illegal intent." Although this is plainly prohibited by the primary plan, the provision that the printing should be scrupulously guarded "was not strictly adhered to." In other words, the whole blame in this case must be charged against the City Democratic Committee. That body was lax in the performance of its duty, for it was up to it to see that the printing and delivery of ballots is carried on properly. The City Democratic Committee was asleep. It alone is responsible for the ballot leakage. Unfortunately, the City Democratic Committee still has the duty of safeguarding the printing and delivery of ballots under the Byrd law. If that committee again is blind to its manifest responsibility to the voters of Richmond, a drastic amendment to the Byrd law will be the only remedy, and it cannot be secured for two years yet.

The City Democratic Committee ought to attend to its business. Its laxity and negligence caused an investigation which resulted anything but creditably to the committee.

## STUART.

"I must save the women of Richmond!" That was the determination that lay closest to the heart of one who died in this city forty-eight years ago this day—the knightly and the splendid "Jeb" Stuart. The anniversary of his death will always be kept in tender

remembrance in the city in defense of which he gave up a stainless life. The field of Yellow Tavern, once ensanguined, is now crimson in clover, and peace pervades all, but no one can forget Stuart, with his floating plume—the gay and gallant, rollicking and laughing his way into battle, calling for Sweeney and his banjo in the starry night, and yet in the charge the great cavalryman of the Confederacy. Those who have once read of him cannot forget him; in the hearts of those who knew him he lives still. "They loved him, they love him to-day, and will love him always," said John Estlin Cooke. They hear him singing yet. "The Dew is on the Blossom," they hear him in harmony with Sweeney to the banjo, "The Cavalry."

The epic of the Confederacy has been written, but the romance that Stuart embodied has yet to be penned. The magnificent character and the incomparable leadership of Lee and the genius and sacrifice of Jackson have inspired volumes, and now that we know well-nigh as much of them as we shall ever know, historians and writers will eventually turn to the career of the great Confederate cavalier, who, when just turned thirty, won imperishable glory as the finest cavalryman of the great war and as the pioneer cavalry captain of the nation. What a character, too, was his! A man of pure life, yet a rare comrade and a jovial leader—a man without vices, and yet with all the graces and the charm of a master soldier. He was a man of deep but unobtrusive piety, and his death was that of the Christian warrior. "Who bows to the will of God and accepts whatever His loving hand decrees for him." In his dying moments he said to President Davis, "If God and my country think that I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty, I am willing to die."

When the story of Stuart is written at last it will be the mingled romance and tragedy of a true Paladin—one of God's gentlemen unafraid. He was "one of those great figures who live forever in history and men's memories." John R. Thompson realized the enduring fame of Stuart when he wrote:

In some fair future garden of delights,  
Where flowers shall bloom and song-birds  
Art shall erect the statues of our  
In living bronze and marble.

And none of all that bright, heroic  
Shall wear to far-off time a sem-  
blance grander.  
Shall still be decked with fresher  
wreaths of song.  
Than the beloved commander.

The Spanish legends tell us of the Cid,  
That after death he rode great, se-  
dately  
Along his lines, even as in life he did.  
In presence yet more stately.

And thus our Stuart at this moment  
Seems  
To ride out of our dark and troubled  
story  
Into the region of romance and dreams.  
A realm of light and glory.

And sometimes, when the silver bugles  
blow  
That radiant form, in battle reap-  
pearing,  
Shall lead his horsemen headlong on the  
foe.  
In victory careering.

He was "a noble sacrifice on the altar of duty," as President Davis said, and the people of the Confederate capital can never forget that when his sabre flashed from its scabbard for the last time it was for the women of Richmond.

## BETTER MOTION PICTURES.

Commenting upon moving pictures in an official communication the other day, Mayor Gaynor, of New York, declared that they are moral and instructive and that "the great outcry of certain uninformed persons against them has subsided."

There is now much less criticism of such shows than there was a year ago. There is less to criticize. The warnings generally issued against the manufacture and exhibition of demoralizing films have been heeded. The pictures shown to-day strike a better average, both in mechanical excellence and moral tone, than those of the past. Everybody who patronizes such shows will notice this.

Millions of dollars are now invested in the moving picture industry. The continued success of these investments depends solely on the pleasure and taste of the public. Manufacturers and exhibitors want to give the people what the people want. The pictures which once threatened to wreck the business have passed out, and the people to-day prefer paths to smut, humor to suggestiveness, and pictures of great events to those of notorious scenes. In a word, the educational and moral value of the film has increased.

**THE MOTHER'S WONDER.**  
(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)  
"Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us?"  
—Luke II, 48.

These are the words of the mother of Jesus after He had been missed by the family and was found in the temple "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions."  
"Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us?" Behold Thy Father and I have sought Thee sorrowing.

And He said unto them: "How is it that ye sought Me? Why see ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

The mother felt a pang, and her question was a puzzled one. Suddenly the boy, who had been an obedient one, and always docile to her guidance, had passed beyond her and done a thing she could not understand. It seemed as if she had lost him. Then she is bidden to stand by and see her Son do His work and live His life in ways beyond her comprehension.

Though He went home and was "subject unto her," her life was all changed, and she "kept all these sayings in her heart."

This question of the mother of Jesus revealed an experience of the human heart which is very common in those who feel their responsibility the most. It is an experience worthy of study and analysis. The Virgin Mary is the perpetual type of people who, intrusted with any great and sacred interest, identify their own lives with it and care for it conscientiously, but after a while, when the interest begins to manifest its own vitality, they become perplexed. Even as Jesus' mother asked this question, so are we always asking of the objects for which we live. "Why has thou thus dealt with us?" Often we realize our responsibilities more than we realize God. Just as Mary at that moment of her question felt, so it is often among the most earnest and conscientious people; a feeling comes that the causes for which we labor most are more ours than God's, and so for the moment we are perplexed even as Mary was. Therefore this story of Jesus and His mother can be a most helpful lesson to us. The simplest case of this experience comes in every childhood. When a child passes beyond the period of mere parental government which belonged to the first years, the individual character and purpose of each life asserts itself. The child has had his career all identified with the home where he was cradled; he is a part of the household or family, and then comes a day when he attempts some task distinctively his own. The moment is a puzzling one for both parent and child. The child feels a pleasure very keen, and yet almost regretful to find himself for the first time doing some act genuinely his own. The parents feel a pang, and yet pride and pleasure as well, as they realize their child's growth. The real understanding of that moment both to child and parent depends on one thing—upon whether they can see it in the larger truth that this child is not merely their child, but also the child of God. If this is understood, then the child, in undertaking his personal responsibility, passes not into a looser, but into a stronger bond. The parent is satisfied because he cannot be jealous of God. It is a noble progress and expansion of life when the child in his first independent venture says, not as the prodigal, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," but even as Jesus makes that reverent appeal, "Wilt ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Then in these words comes the parent's reward—the knowledge that all sacrifices made and all teachings have not been in vain, for the child realizes he is God's child. Then, even as Mary went back with her Son, realizing out of His own mouth that He was not only her Son, but God's Son, the question came to her as it comes to all mothers to-day: "What does God want this son of His to do?" And herein lies the wonderful and beautiful mystery of motherhood and fatherhood. This sacred trust from God to parents forms these lives intrusted to their care, even as He would have them. No tie can be more tender or more far-reaching than that of the mother who gave us birth and accepted the sacred charge from God of an immortal life—the charge that means so much loving sacrifice and such infinite care that it can only be repaid when the mother knows that her child through her teachings and love for him has realized that he is God's child.

The Son of Mary was a revelation to the mother in whose care He lived. So a man's soul, his spiritual nature which is intrusted to his care, is a perpetual revelation to him. If we can only bear constantly in mind that our soul is God's child and that He is caring for it and training it, then it will become to us the source through which God will speak to us. Through it we will be shown His wisdom and goodness, and we will be made His fellow-workers and become the children of God.

The need for cleaner elections and better government for Richmond is very great in the opinion of the Greensboro Record.

If there is a city in the country that needs reforming it is Richmond. Efforts have been making for a long time to secure a simplified form of government, but the politicians are fighting it at every turn. City employees are made judges of election; in fact they have been running things all the time and have no notion of being choked off. In her municipal government she has a number of corrupt moral law, but the moral part is not apparent. Richmond needs reforming without further waste of time.

Never mind. The citizens of Richmond are tired of this bad behavior, and are getting ready a fine lot of hickories to be used effectively on September 16.

It was a good idea of Mr. Taft's to take a day off in Cincinnati and go to a baseball game. A look in on a good game greatly helps the unhappy to forget their troubles.

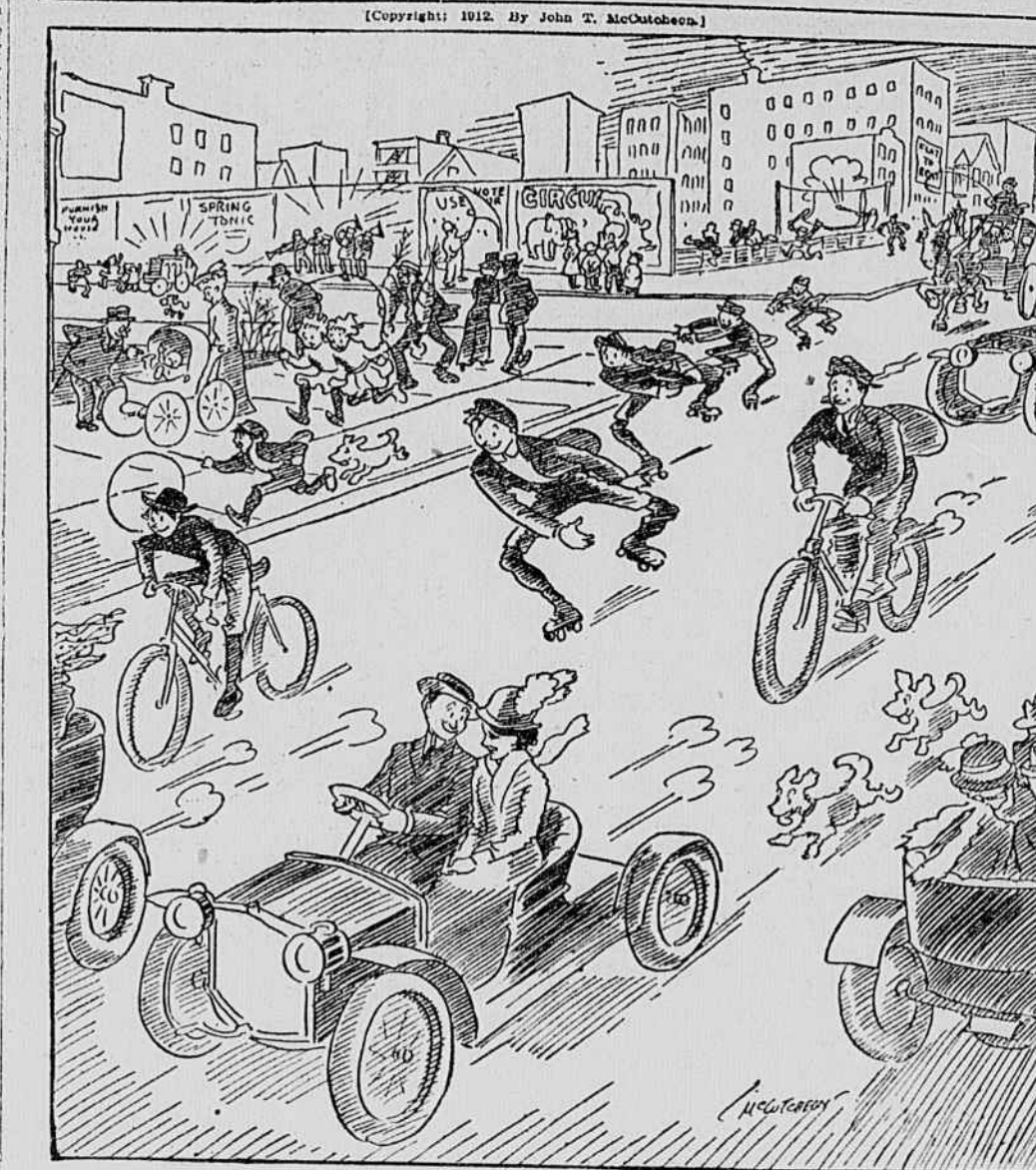
Overseer Voliva, of Zion City, says he would rather kiss a pig than a man who uses tobacco. There is work here for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Houston is going to open a moving picture show free to the people. So many strange things happen in Houston that moving pictures are the only kind to keep up with the town.

The California National Guard has taken to bronco-busting. They must be preparing for an invasion of Mexico under Theodore the Permanent.

Harry Thaw is not yet out of Maltesian, but he is about out of money.

# EARLY SPRING DAY IN THE CITY. By John T. McCutcheon.



## HEAD OF AERO CLUB IS NOTED SPORTSMAN

Sir Charles Day Rose Will Greatly Aid British Authorities.

BY LA MARQUESE DE BONTENVOY.  
The new president of the Royal Aero Club is half an American, besides being a good all round sportsman. Sir Charles Day Rose, for that is his name, has been a member of the English Jockey Club for twenty years or more, as also of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and was for a long time the racing partner of King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales. In 1907 he was elected president of the Royal Automobile Club of England, having become an enthusiast on the subject of motoring. This prominent taste on his part caused a great deal of surprise to his friends and acquaintances who imagined that he cared for nothing but horses and boats. Of the latter, he has owned some famous specimens, including the Emerald, the Saragha and the Aurora. In 1906 he issued a challenge for the American Cup, which, however, was not taken up. He has also been a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

His mother, a famous beauty in her day, was the daughter of Robert Emmet, Temple of Rutland, Vt. His father, Sir John Rose, was the partner of Lord P. Morton, in the Anglo-American banking house of Morton, Rose & Co., and Sir Charles sat in Parliament from 1902 to 1910 as member for the Newmarket Division of Cambridgeshire. As an officer of the Montreal Artillery, he took part in the military operations in Canada connected with the Fenian raid of 1865, and assisted Lord Strathcona and Mountstephen in building the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Among all his many recreations, which have included the breeding as well as the owning of racehorses, he has found time to be a splendid tennis player, and he has also devoted his attention to aerial navigation. He will no doubt impart to its development that vigor and thoroughness which have characterized his other pursuits, whether for business or pleasure.

I cannot help thinking that a desire to place Great Britain abreast of the Continental nations in the matter of aeroplanes has something to do with Sir Charles' eagerness to lead in this new and limitless field of activity.

He is not by any means a young man, having passed his sixty-fourth year, and it seems to be a great deal to expect any one having reached that age to pilot a flying machine through the clouds. But his advice and spirit of initiative will undoubtedly have a marked effect on Great Britain, which is not much longer, I think, to hear the reproach of lagging behind other countries in the development of the art of flying. The use of the aeroplane and the dirigible by Italian, French, and German aviators, and the remarkable results achieved thereby, seem to have had the effect of waking up the military and naval authorities in the "old country," causing the purchase of fifty aeroplanes for experiment as also the starting of a special training school for aviators. Sir Charles Rose will be able and willing to lend his assistance to the British authorities, both by example and instruction. I have no doubt whatever; for he has already given proofs of his patriotism in Canada, just as his sons have done in South Africa. He had four, all of whom took part in the Boer War, the two eldest losing their lives. Sir Charles' baronetcy was conferred upon him less than three years ago. It is the second one in the family, the other belonging to his nephew, Sir Cyril Stanley Rose, who is childless, and to which, too, Sir Charles, who is the next heir, will probably succeed.

The new Viscount Gage, who has just succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father, is the sixth to bear the title. In addition to the viscount, the two eldest sons are Viscount Gage and Viscount Gage, an Irish barony and a barony of the United Kingdom, both bearing the name of Gage. He is partly an American. For one of his forebears was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America at the time of the "Bible" or "War of Independence."

In 1757 this ancestor married an American girl, Margaret, daughter of Peter Kemble, president of the Council of New Jersey. Her mother was a daughter of Stephen van Cortlandt. Another ancestor had a plume named after him. This was Sir William, the seventh baronet, who flourished in the reign of George I. He introduced into England the plumage known as the green-gage, so called from its characteristic color, and from its introducer. The late viscount was nicknamed by his close friends "Green-gage," and very probably his son will enjoy the same honor, for the bringing home of this luscious fruit and making it known to and greatly appreciated by his countrymen is considered by many as the most glorious event in the history of the family.

Their country home, Villa Place, near Lewes, in Sussex, is a picturesque mansion, in the style of a French chateau, situated in a park of several thousand acres. The picture gallery contains many remarkable historical pictures. Among these is a portrait, by Holbein, of Sir John Gage, who was a favorite of Henry VIII, the King himself ordering the painting of the picture, besides making Sir John a Knight of the Garter, and a constable of the Tower. A brother of the first Viscount Gage is reputed to have amassed a fortune of more than £60,000,000 in the notorious Mississippi Scheme. However, this colossal wealth seems to have turned his head, for he tried to make himself a king, by purchasing the crown of Poland and these attempts, he managed to be made a grandee of Spain, but strange to say, this was after he had lost his fortune. For when his money was all gone he made his way to the land of the Hidalgo, and not a bit daunted or disheartened by his misfortune, he set himself diligently to work in developing the mineral wealth of that kingdom, with so much success that he made another fortune, and in addition to his grandeur, was appointed commander-in-chief of the Spanish army in Lombardy.

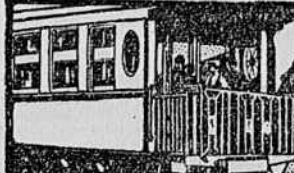
The dowager Lady Gage's grandmother, Lady Elizabeth Peel, was one of the greatest beauties of her day and had many suitors. One of them was Lord Dymally, grandfather of the present earl, who must have been the main prototype of "Miss Havisham" in Charles Dickens's story "Great Expectations." For when Lady Peel rejected his suit, he shut himself up in a small room near the Strand, from which he never emerged during the remainder of his life, allowing no one to have access to his rooms, the servants having received orders to pass his food to him through a hole in the door of his apartment.

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Terms. For the enlightenment of my friend I will attempt to elucidate what was in my mind. The word progressive means "to advance forward," "to advance gradually," "improving." While reactionary means a "backward tendency" from reform or progress. Therefore, a reactionary is the opposite of a progressive. They are as diametrically separated as the two poles. A progressive, he is Democrat or Republican, is one who keeps step with the march of progress, whose heart beats in unison with the toiling millions who are praying for deliverance from the intolerable torments which have been imposed by those of the reactionary class, and who favors any rational plan whereby present-day conditions may be ameliorated, and obnoxious measures and defunct methods relegated to the past. Believing Woodrow Wilson to be the embodiment of all these essentials, I have chosen to follow his lead. My preference for him is augmented by the fact that he has been a native born Virginian, but above all else is the fact that he practices what he preaches. Since assuming the reins of the State government in New Jersey he has wrought wonders in that trust-ridden Commonwealth. He has secured the bases of that State, and in less than eighteen months has accomplished more in the way of needed legislation than any man who has ever occupied the gubernatorial chair in New Jersey.

With a plaintive cry, my friend says that Governor Wilson, in his history of the United States, failed to mention Pocahontas at all in his account of Captain John Smith. He holds Governor Wilson up to public execration as a narrow-minded, supercilious creature, and seeks to bring upon him the avenging wrath of the whole Smith family, who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of this land, and who are as numerous as the sands of the sea. I have always regarded the Pocahontas story as a myth, for we have nothing to indicate the authenticity of the tale. It belongs to mythology, instead of being accorded a place in history. I have known for some time that there was considerable opposition to Governor Wilson in Virginia, but the Gentoville gentleman is the first one to say that I am aware who has ever had the courage to assign any reasons for so doing. His excuses are absurd, pitiful, and inconsiderate, for in concluding his article he says that Wilson is not without deserving qualities, and that his moral character is without reproach. But because Wilson has incurred the displeasure of "Marse Henry," the descendants of Pocahontas and the Smith progeny, he is not to be considered as an available Democratic candidate. O tempora! O mores!

Rocky Mount. W. E. BEVERLY.



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